

THE GOULD BLUE AND GOLD

VOLUME II—NUMBER 4

BETHEL, MAINE, DECEMBER 15, 1943

PRICE FIVE CENTS

THREE PLAYS SCORE SUCCESS

FRIDAY SEES FIRST DRAMATIC CLUB SHOWING OF YEAR

"Rehearsal"

The characters in this play were themselves. Nancy Ann Richmond, Betty Burton, "Dedi" Griffin, Suzie Delatour, Marie White, and Jeanne Marshall provided the cast. "Burt" tried, nearly losing her temper, to direct a take-off on a serious Irish play. "Dedi" played the part of the decrepit, old father with Marie as his daughter. Nancy Ann was burdened with those wisecracks, Suzie created atmosphere, while Jeanne provided the scenery.

"The Under Dog"

Harry Belden....."Red" Sanborn
Beatrice Belden.....Ruth Marriner
Eddie Morey.....James Reid
Mrs. Williams.....Anne Litchard
Police Officer.....Lendall Nevens

This dramatic bit pictured "Red" as the under dog (appropriate) and Ruth, his loving wife. Ruth did a marvelous job holding her laughter as overstuffed Anne Litchard appeared in true Irish fashion. "Jimmy" changed a great deal in becoming a gangster and played the part well.

"His Blue Serge Suit"

Nancy Cordes.....Eva Lawry
Howard Cordes.....Thomas Jacobs
Ice Man....."Al" Stevens
Trash Man.....Alfred Emery
Janitor.....Stanley Davis
Lenox Starr.....Roger Gould

This hilarious comedy concerned the pursuit of Tommy's blue serge, while Eva nearly went frantic. Emery and Stevens provided even more laughs as they trip out, overburdened by fur coats, hats, golf clubs, and lamp shades. Finally, Roger Gould came to the rescue and everything is happy again, and Eva gets that hat!

FOOTBALL BANQUET

Thanks to the work of the Girls' A. A. Council, one of the best football teams in the state enjoyed one of the best banquets ever given.

We all tumbled into the dining room, and sat down to the most delicious dinner we ever had. After gorging ourselves to capacity, we all sat back to listen to some very fine talks and stories. Mr. Scott gave an inspiring talk, expressing his gratitude for the hard work and cooperation the boys had shown. His speech was followed by a rousing cheer from the fellows.

Mr. Ireland, chairman of the fun, then proposed a hearty cheer for

CHRISTMAS TEA

Last Sunday afternoon from three to five a Christmas Tea was given for the trustees, the faculty and the boys' dormitory by the girls of Gehring Hall. Everyone was cheerfully met and greeted at the door by Anne Litchard, and then passed out to the tea table.

Under the supervision of Miss Gallagher the girls did a grand job of making cookies and cakes, which were evidently appreciated by all.

The decorations, thanks to Jeanne Marshall, Betty Gibbs, Laurel Cléments, and Dedi Griffin, were beautiful. Especially the enormous tree in the reception room.

Anne Litchard, Helen Wallingford, Joanne Libbey, Jeannette Sargent, Susan Linsley, and Mary Lou Bradley did a fine job of serving and seeing to it that those numerous plates of cookies did not run out.

Dottie West, Irene Olson, Barbara Wing and Elaine Vail cleaned up the place so well by six o'clock that you would never know there had been a party except by the sad looks on the faces of some people, at supper time.

Thanks to Peg Cates and Anne Litchard for writing and sending the invitations, and to Mary Lou Hamilton, Marie White, Betty Burton and Mary Sue Adams, Senior and Junior members of the dormitory council, for pouring.

These various committees were headed by Nancy Ann Richmond and Dodo Kraus, co-chairmen of the tea.

ZERO WEATHER ARRIVES

The sudden cold snap here Saturday brought the realization of winter to Gould Academy. Arising from snow-covered blankets that bleak morning, hopeful skiers found the frigid breath of the north wind shrieking down from the hills and across the already ice-packed Alumni Field to start its winter's work of building up the familiar eight foot drift at the corner of the driveway to Gehring hall.

Zero weather, wind, snow, and frost-bitten ears are with us again!

Mr. and Mrs. Compass, in which all the grid stars joined.

The mystery of the evening, the main speaker, turned out to be none other than Wallace Beery, appreciated by all at the theatre.

"PETIT NOEL"

"Petit Noel," a simple yet beautiful cantata for mixed and solo voices, will be presented by Miss Griggs and the varsity glee club on the night of December fifteenth. This pageant, the first of its kind presented by the varsity glee club at Christmas, is based on old French carols of the twelfth to eighteenth centuries. It tells the old but immortal story of the birth of Christ and those who came to behold him. There will be many excellent solos by different members of the varsity, and also very inspiring mixed numbers.

Much time and effort is being spent on the stage settings and costumes in order to make the cantata truly impressive. Every year the Christmas program put on by Miss Griggs has been one of the most inspiring and heart-warming events of the year. This presentation will surely be no exception. Everyone is certainly eagerly waiting to see Gilbert LeClair and Mary Gibbs portray Joseph and Mary, which they will no doubt do extremely well.

BASKETBALL

The Gould Academy basketball team will open its 13-game schedule on December 14 by playing host to Stephens High School of Rumford. Gould's only letter-man this year is Berry, for last year the Blue and Gold basketball enthusiasts gave up interscholastic competition because of the pleasure-driving ban.

Along with Berry are three forwards: Sanborn, Bryant, and McInnis, who have looked very promising in recent practice sessions. For guards, the Huskies have three men: Young, Bennett, and Emery, who stand out above their competitors. The other boys who round out the squad are: Winter, Lawry, Robertson, Allen, Murray, Davis, Wight, and Wellington.

Gould will be meeting a "class A" team when it faces the Panther five, but the Huskies can't be counted out because of their well balanced team.

Rumford's chief threats are in the three returning lettermen: Kelley, Batherson, and Dennis, while other potential threats are: Chenard, Poulin, Warner, and Ayland. It looks as though the Bethel fans are going to be treated to a thriller in the season's opening game.

MR. AND MRS. FOSTER GREETED IN BETHEL

The Bethel Congregational Church—and Gould—are fortunate to have obtained the pastoral services of Mr. John Foster, who, with his charming wife, has already made a most favorable impression on all who have met them. Many of the townspeople and Academy students met the Fosters informally at the reception held for them last Wednesday evening in the chapel. A short musical program by members of the Chapman club was presented, followed by punch and cookies prepared by the ladies of the church.

Hailing from Virginia, Mr. Foster attended and was graduated from West Virginia Wesleyan, as his father before him. He then went to Yale Divinity school, where he was an assistant pastor in Waterbury, Connecticut. After graduating from Yale, he was made, assistant pastor on the Cadman Memorial church in Brooklyn, New York. His work dealt mostly with the young and high school age boys and girls.

From there he has come to Bethel and was contacted through his brother (he comes from a large family) who is preaching at Gorham, N. H. Mr. Foster wants to gain here the experience of being a real country minister and serving all the church's needs. Here's hoping he is successful, and without a doubt, he will be. Energetic and friendly, he has already made many friends and has impressed everyone by his genuine good will.

CHRISTINE HANSON

On October 17, Gould Academy was blessed with a new secretary—under the name of Christine Hanson.

Christine graduated from Stephens High School on June 10, 1943, after high school years filled with activity. She was Drum Major, a prominent member of the Drama Club and Glee Club. Well-noted for her beautiful dancing, Christine is also an adept jitterbug, and we would like to see her at more of our dances.

Prepared by the secretarial course, she is showing good promise on her first job. We wish you luck, Christine, and hope you will be with us for a long, long time.

THE GOULD BLUE AND GOLD

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EDITORIAL

A RESOLUTION

The equipment of Gould Academy is unexcelled in Maine, and its student body is a democratic cross-section of boys and girls which should make us proud of our school as a true representative for the "American Way." In our happy experiences here, however, the one great thing we have found lacking is school spirit, and this we could so easily have with a little more devotion and pride for these fine buildings and for the invaluable memories they will hold for us for years after our graduation.

On the part of many seniors and a number of other students in school this idea of school spirit is already in full effect. But this ten percent should not be expected to bear the burden of the entire school in the many outside activities that are carried on here. Our team should feel that it has our wholehearted backing; regardless of whether it is finishing a victorious season or has lost every game; it is still our team.

How about these war stamp sales? Ten cents a month at the least isn't much to ask for the honor of the school, and they are the best investment we know of today. And yet only one class has managed to keep its head above the ninety percent level this year. The Minuteman Banner which gave some of us an extra pride in our school had to be lowered this month because a few were not interested in that pride or in the good of their country.

We can remember the great interest that was aroused in the Science Club last May at the time of the Science Fair. Right now, however, the club is mighty small, and active though its members may be, cannot be expected to make the showing against competitive schools that it did last year. Here again that same ten percent are doing all the work.

There are many little things lacking in the clubs and other activities that are carried on here, lacking in most cases because some of the members care only about what they will get out of the school. They perhaps forget about what the school will get out of them.

It is often said that New Year's resolutions are easily made and as easily broken. Here is one, however, that is worth while for all of us to make and keep: Let's all resolve to put that extra spirit into our work and activities here that will make Gould Academy into the school we want it to be. It is the students that make the school, and if we are tempted to find faults here, let's remember that we are just the ones who can eliminate those faults by our work and spirit.

OLD ANON

VISITS JOE RODERICK'S GYM CLASS

Five times each day a romping mob of light-hearted youths surges down the ice-packed expanse of Church Street to the Field House, and about forty minutes later that same gang, tattered, weary, and broken in spirit, toils sluggishly back towards the school buildings. What stories those battle-worn heroes could tell—if they could speak! And since that is impossible for twenty-four hours after such an ordeal and it is time for another meeting of the fatigue class by then, the horrible adventure has never been told. Now, however, you may at least read it as it is scribbled by the gaunt and bloody fingers of one of those veterans:

Physical Education, as it is ironically named, is a compulsory subject for all males at Gould Academy. Its fine points may best be understood if we pretend we are a member of one of the classes.

The boys are in high spirits as they dash up the clacking staircase to the locker room. Within five minutes they are exuberantly stampeding into the big cage, hurling basketballs about the floor, and toying with the apparatus set up. Suddenly, however, this carefree play ceases. A pallor of hideous apprehension overcomes the entire class as Professor Roderick appears upon the balcony. The grim lines of his face settle into a dark mask of cruelty, and he descends the stairs with measured step, dragging his long black whip behind him. "Fifty laps!" he shouts and smiles grimly.

We set off with the rest of the class around the track. After ten circuits of the cage we are ready to drop dead. Only the blood-curling laugh from behind the little black mustache of the master as he stands on the raised floor idly flicking his whip at the basketballs keeps us sprinting on. We run around and around, pausing amid gasps for breath only now and then to pull up our pants, which are constantly tending to obey the laws of centrifugal force. When this phase of the recitation is finally at an end and we have picked up our various limbs from where they have flown off along the way, the Evil One calls the roll and has us take positions for our setting up exercises. We groan in agonized chorus as the nightmares of contortion are called off in gruff monotone, each successive exercise a worse torture than those preceding. The students who pass out are quickly whisked away on their slabs by the efficient stretcher bearers so as not to discourage our morale.

The next ordeal is the Ranger Exercises. The class is dragged into a large circle and walks (or crawls, as the case may be) counter-clockwise. We are now subject to any further torment the professor has in store, such as the "duck-waddle," a few dozen push-

THE OUTING CLUB

With the first realization that soon our surroundings will be covered with a carpet of snow, people start to put on base wax and get their equipment in readiness. Also the "Outing Club" makes its entrance into school activities.

We are happy to announce that that one-and-only Francis Gilman is to preside at the meetings, with capable Betty Burton as vice-president. Jean Chipman will haunt us us (for dues) and takes notes on the meetings.

Certainly the Winter Carnival will be a success with "Gil" LeClair officiating. Mary Lou, "Ham" to you, will take up where she left off as chairman of events—as of last year.

Little and Sturgis have transportation and equipment to handle, respectively. Roger Gould seems competent enough as manager of hiking, while Reid will take part in his own competition.

With that line-up and the enthusiasm of the members; who knows, we may all learn to ski!

ups, or the "seal-slap." Here the stretcher bearers can no longer quite keep up with their increasing demand; so, with some regret that his fun must be ended so early, Joe sends us up to take showers.

As "Stump" and a few other unaffected hefties help the rest of us up the stairs, that sharp bark we have come to dread is again heard from below: "But tomorrow I'll give you a REAL workout!"

NOTICE

Although this is rather a late start, we plan to have an exchange editor on the staff of The Blue and Gold this year to take over the duties of Linc Colby, who so ably managed that department last year.

With every issue starting with the next we shall see if we can't scrape a little space from Old Anon or even from the Editor herself and try and get a few comments in about the papers that we receive. We shall be very pleased to hear from any school interested in exchanging with The Gould Blue and Gold.

THE EDITOR

FOR VICTORY



BACK
THE
ATTACK

Buy An
Extra \$100
War Bond
During

3RD WAR LOAN

Gehring

Greetings kids.

In fact Christmas Greetings. It's coming you know. But then of course you know, at least Gehring Hall does. Ah yes:

'Twas the week before Christmas
And through Gehring Hall
Not a student was idle
With plays, teas, and all.
The markings were drawn on the
mirrors with care
In hopes that the sixteenth would
darn soon be there.

Well so I'm not a poet; Mildred drives me to it. But you get the idea anyway. Really though, Christmas or not, there are no excuses for some things. Why I heard Dodo say the other day, "I'm an angel; I've got to go practice." Will practice do it Jimmy? And speaking of angels, they need white nightgowns but not like Anne and Ham's. Flitting up and down the hall in them, they look like a cross between Caesar's ghost and Dickens' "Scrooge."

Mildred and I were invited out to dinner this noon; but it really wasn't worth it. Why we had to choose quarter of one or the front door as our exit time and place. I'll never know. We got trampled and pushed and shoved and squealed by forty giggling shouting excited girls. What was the trouble? Only the mail. That's all. Mr. Ireland, how do you ever wade through them all? Susie shouting, "It's from George" (whoever he is) Barbro wanting her letters but not remembering whether her box is 91, 62, or 637; Dedi's "Get mine for me room-mate" and the ever-present "You didn't get any." "If he doesn't write I'll..." "Ah, my check." I shall in the future plan to hibernate from 12:30 to 1:00. Of course, I don't blame those like Dot West who get fourteen letters a day from crowding forth, though.

After I recuperated from that horrifying experience, and had Mildred settled down with smelling salts, I ventured up to Third Hall. That's always a dangerous thing to do but nothing too horrible happened this time. There's no doubt, who lives up there now: there're signs on all the doors. "Jive Center." That's Janice and Marilyn. "Life Work Center" would be more like it. Janice has a life work I've found, and I think it will take a lifetime to finish it. She's got pictures and magazines by the score waiting to be filed or something. Your guess is as good as mine. Next was a string of signs all saying "lights out." You wouldn't have to be told in some cases. And I mustn't forget the Meditating Rooms No. 1 and No. 2. Now why should that be Tommy's and Doyle's rooms?

May I close by expressing the hope that there aren't really any fights around. I've heard some weird sounds from various sources,

Town Topics

Now that tests are all over, and this year is nearly at an end, it is time for you kids to get out and stir up some action for me to write about. Gee-whiz, you fellows and gals have been awfully good lately, or else I haven't been keeping close enough tabs on you.

In spite of the fact that everyone has been awfully busy, I notice that our Navy Recruiting officer from Locke's Mills is still making his rounds interviewing all of the lads in 4F, and Army Air Corps rejectees, who might possibly take the Navy as a second choice. I guess that's the only way they can keep the Navy going. It has also been brought to my attention that Barbara Brown has been thinking of joining the Waves. Well, at least I think that's the reason they are always seen together. You know, Navy red tape.

We are all glad to see Barbara Poole from the University of Maine with us for a visit. She tells us that she likes it very much and has met a lot of new friends. We are all looking forward, I'm sure, to Christmas vacation when we will see many more of our old pals who are away at school.

I don't suppose it's fair to tell about the same person twice in a row, but this incident is too good to let pass. Well to get on with the story. Down in the shop where the five minute warning bell rings, and all the boys chew gum, and eat candy and wear carpenters aprons to keep their clothes from getting dirty, we find a lad who is one of the shop foreman, namely George Allowishus Bryant. George is very proud of his job, and he does well maintaining order and keeping the place clean. In fact he is so proud of his job that he wears his shop apron to all of his classes. These aprons have lately become very popular among the girls, thanks to George, and I think it won't be long before the Gehring girls will be wearing them to school.

Poor Hunter—He forgot to drain the water out of his old Ford, and I guess she'll never be the same again. It's really too bad, for there have been some good times had in that old crate since and before he bought it.

As you probably know Stan Davis has had considerable trouble with his Ford also. He asked me to make an announcement that there will be a reward given to any person who can offer a solution as to how he can get his car out of the garage. Some of you brighter Physics students should have an answer to this problem. Oh yes, I forgot to tell you, tearing the garage down is out altogether.

sound like dogs and cats, and some sort of a hen from down around rooms 13 and 14.

And so I'll leave you until January fifth. Have fun and Happy New Year!

Merton

THOSE OUTSTANDING AMONG US

Here we are again with a natural born comedian by the name of Thomas Jacobs, better known to many of us by "Crash Jacobs" or just plain "Jake." He's only a small guy of 5 feet 3 3/4 inches with a bundle of dynamite behind him.

You've all seen him making those exciting touchdowns this fall or read about him in the paper. Right now he's always on the truck going out to practice slalom jumping or downhill, and is one of Gould's well known ski team members. He also finds time to get in a little basketball and is on the senior class team. Baseball is also up his alley, and to put it mildly, he's an all-around guy.

We also have noticed he can cut a rug especially well with our "New Jersey Special."

If you want to know anything about Berlin, N. H., or Norwich, Jake's the man to ask. Just last year did he move down to Watertown, Mass., from Berlin.

Jake is really following in his illustrious cousin Norm's footsteps in acting, but with a little different brand of humor.

How we remember Jake as a freshman with Latin! Probably Miss Mutch does too. We'll have to hand it to him in his ability to get in and out of trouble, and we won't forget his magnificent support to the band, on a variety of instruments.

We know you'll make a hit where ever you go, Jake, even though its destined to be the service, because we know you have what it takes.

Mary Lou Hamilton is the girl that has won a popular name for herself among us. You have a pair in Anne Aldrich and "Ham." For three years they've been room-mates, and have a great deal in common, one being that they both love Marblehead, Mass., though a few years ago Hammy moved to Melrose, Mass.

She's an all-around athlete, and perhaps music will be her major in college and athletics her minor. In hockey, she was our best center, and did much helping our class win the hockey season. She is on the A. A. Council, being manager of Winter Sports, and is one of the best guards in basketball.

Last year, she was one of the organizers of the Chapman Club, and as you all know, Ham is playing piano in assembly every morning. Last year we had a chance to hear her play several times on the church organ. She is also singing in the Christmas cantata.

This year Ham is trying out something different—last year the alto horn, and now the cymbals in band.

Ham has waited on table for the last three years, off and on, and I must say, you'll never starve if she's your waitress. She's tops!

This year she was voted by the dormitory girls head of the dorm. We all know, one girl who appre-

Holden Hall

The first snow fall brought utter blackness to Holden Hall. There were some surprising outfits at breakfast Tuesday morning until we learned how to match colors by candle light. Although we were all disappointed that we couldn't have school that day, we made the best of it by trying to bring all the snow into the building on our clothes. (With no small success!) After the "community sing" Tuesday night (more fun eating by candles!) we retired to Holden Hall library to pop corn. Unfortunately, not all the corn was in the popper. Mr. Thompson and Dave Hays (The King of Corn) vied for that title with nerve-wracking "jests."

The upper hall is almost quiet now! The King of Corn and the Mighty Mite have left us for the lower realms. Also on that memorable Thanksgiving Day, that tepid twosome, Chris and Satan, broke up. Those two bosom pals, Fats Waller and (I mean Stub Arnold) and Harley Dennett have moved into 23.

Not to change the subject, but speaking of room 23, Line Colby dropped in on the fifth. We were all glad to see him and Bob Townsend, who also blessed us with a visit.

When I said that upper hall was almost quiet, I was referring to the incessant bellowing of none other than Martin "Koon" Bovey. Then too, "The Monarch of the Sea" holds forth from Jake's room at frequent intervals. Why don't you stick to Gilman's trumpet and leave Gilbert and Sullivan to Wolf and Satan?

Flash! Miss Mutch discovered a band of arch-criminals within the walls of Holden Hall! Thank heavens these boys are not allowed on our dance floors.

The football banquet was a big success. Mr. and Mrs. Compass did a wonderful job. Aside from the fact that all the well-done steaks were served to the boys who love them rare, and vice versa, there were absolutely no complaints about the food—or the service either, thanks to the Girls A. A.

The equipment committee of the Outing Club cleaned up the ski room last week. Some of the interesting things found were a pair of earrings (left over from some dorm party, no doubt,) one left handed ski pole, one half package of Lucky Strikes, three left and two right ice skates, and twenty-seven cents in odd change (Canadian money).

"Rastus, who slipped the arsenic to the boys at the football banquet?"

"That's easy, Zeke, the author of this column."

"How come?"

"He wanted to see what it was like to make a dead line!"

clates all Gould offers is Hammy, and we hope her last year here may be one of her happiest.

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